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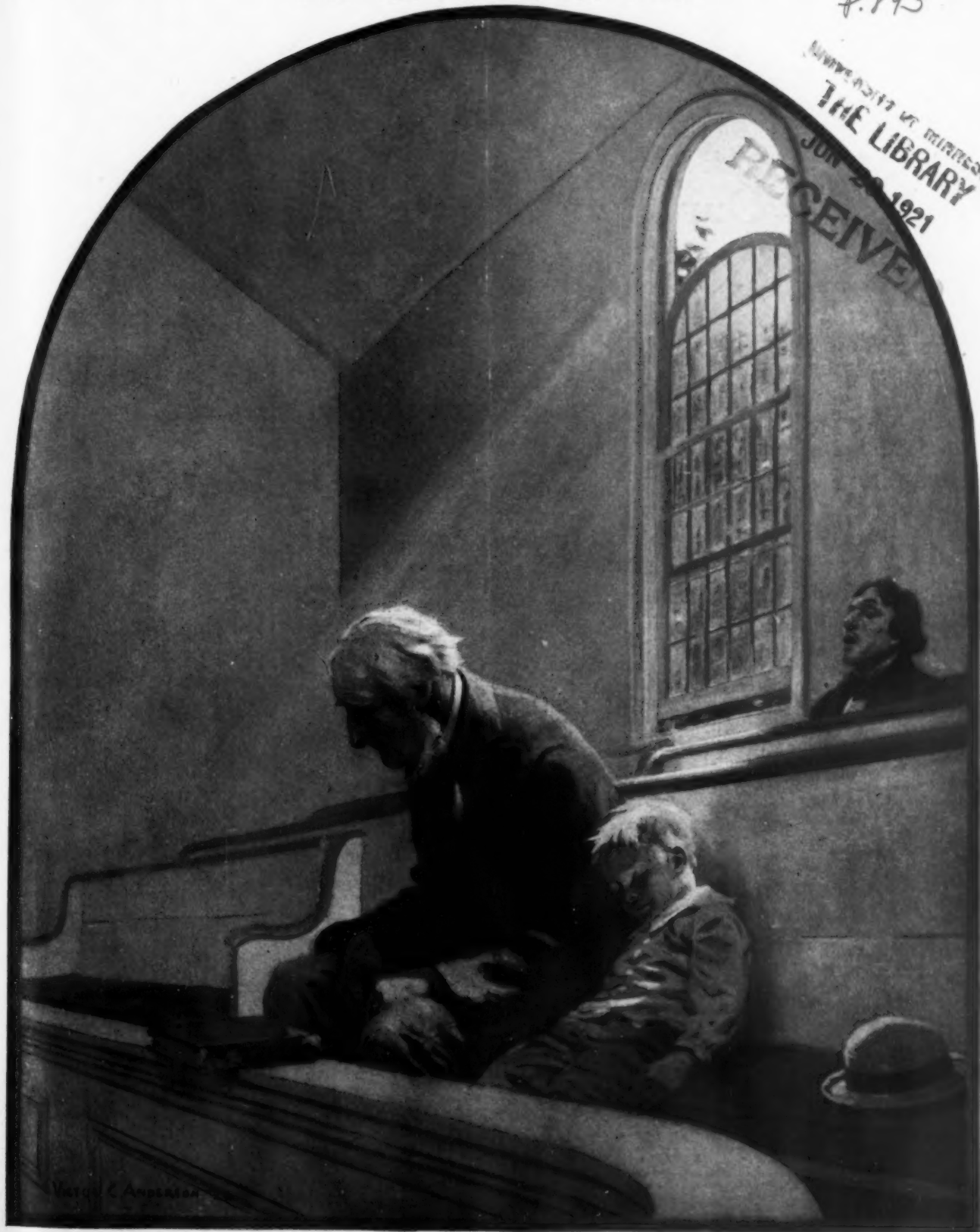
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P. 893

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A Sunday in June



Our Own Private Drive

For new subscribers. Begins now. Just a moment, please, until we dry our eyes and explain.

Bear with us while we tell you that we don't do this very often. We have had a long, grueling feud with the Business Office, and have won out. Now we've got to make good on our own account.

You must subscribe at once. Our reputation is at stake. Besides, we offer you the following considerations:

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We Want You This Summer

To get LIFE on your vacation, so you will have an opportunity to study it carefully, when your mind is free. You will find it light reading, but full of suggestions that lie far beneath the surface of things. By taking out a three months' subscription LIFE will come to you automatically, and you will not risk missing it at the news-stands. We urge you to try the experiment.



p. 995

Life

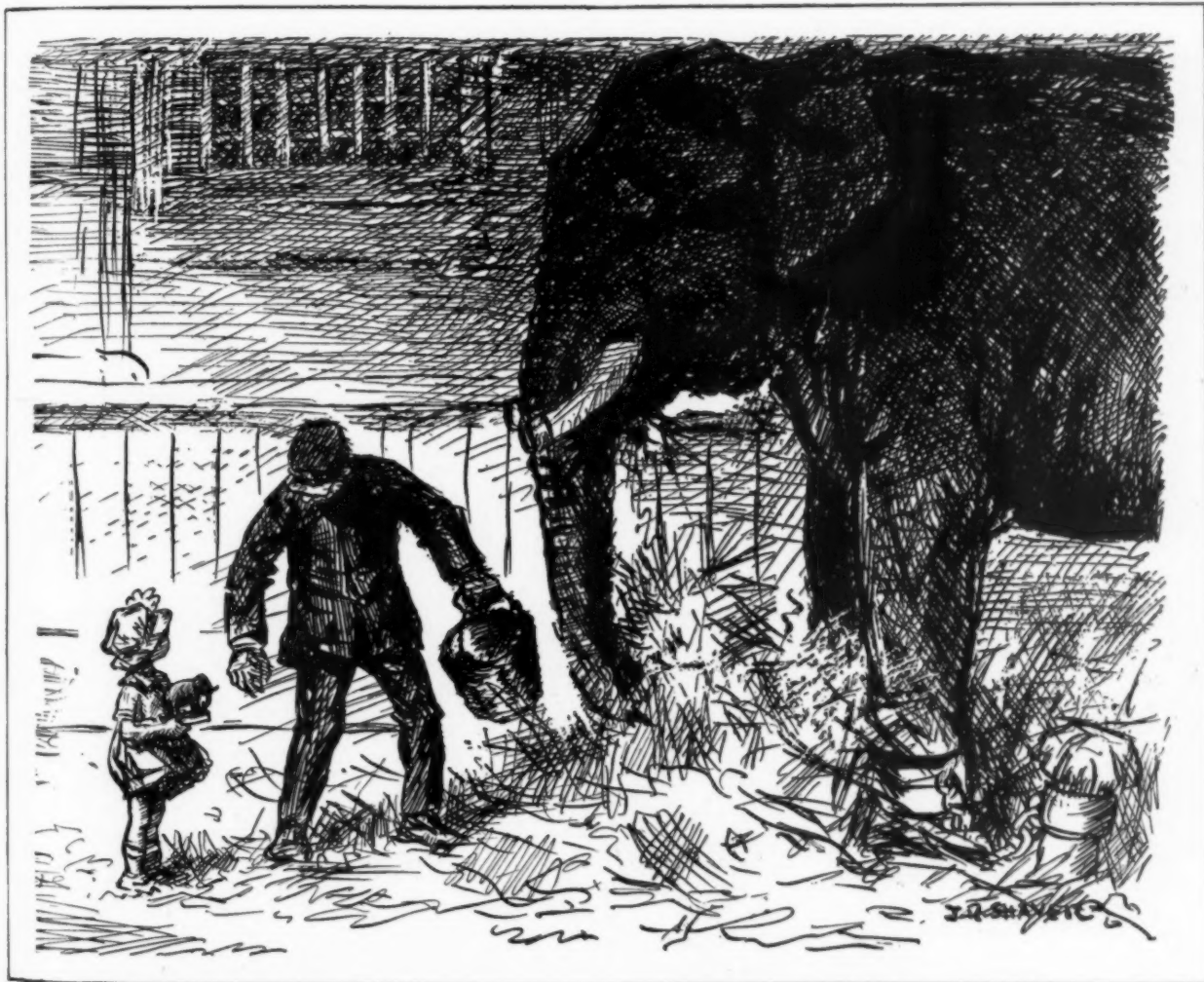
The Light That Lies in Human Ties

The steadfastness of character, the dependency in matters of importance can be judged by the tie of a man.—*Bruno's Review.*

MY dears, if you a man would know, A knot tight-tied refers to purse, If it is gay, then gay is he,
If you would all his traits descry; A sombre hue betrays the mind; If spotted—spotted is his past;
Don't wait until he's yours in tow— A man is like his scarf—or worse, If it is fragile, he will be
Look at his tie. You'll always find. Too good to last.

The crooked streak you must eschew,
Scotch plaids and weaves in coarser
grain;
From duotone and curlicue
You must refrain.

Above all else, you may not yield
(He is a monster to be feared)
To him who wears his tie concealed
Behind his beard.
Henry William Haemann.



"CAN YOU MAKE YOUR NELEFANT SQUEAK?"



Sanctum Talks

"HELLO, LIFE!"

"Why, my dear Judge Gary, how are you? Can I do anything for you?"

"I came in to get you to help me settle the labor question."

"Dear me, I was under the impression that Mr. Gompers had settled it."

"Yes, LIFE, and so have the churches. The labor question is settled on the average once a week by somebody."

"And they all know more about it than you do, don't they?"

"Yes, LIFE, most of them—except the body of real workers and Americans."

"And what do they say about it?"

"Well, LIFE, these real men agree with me that it isn't so easy to settle and that patience is what we most need."

"Has the labor question ever been settled—actually and honestly settled?"

"Not since human nature has had anything to do with it."

"And how can I help you settle it?"

"You can do a lot. You saw what I said not long ago, that only about fifteen per cent. of workers belong to unions, and that the labor agitator is the one who causes the most trouble?"

"Yes."

"Well, LIFE, you can continue to show him up—he is the worst kind of traitor, because he gets his living from those he betrays."

"And the others?"

"Well, there are all the false reports in the papers, and the Bolshevik propaganda, and the insidious yellow journals which pander to the worst instincts of working man—and there is the half-baked sociological literature written by half-baked college professors."

"Now look here, Judge, I'm going to be honest with you. What about *your* laboring conditions and your twelve-hour shifts, and—"

"Bad stuff, LIFE."

"Then why—?"

"One moment. Are all jokes in your paper one hundred per cent. humorous?"

"Now you're embarrassing me."

"Well, why aren't they?"

"Because—"

"Don't tell me, LIFE. The subject is too sad, and that's about how I feel toward the labor problem. If I wanted you to tell me the difference between a good and a bad joke, then I should want to tell you the difference between capital and labor."

"Well, Judge, in my opinion there is nobody more competent to work the thing out than you are—more power to your elbow. Here's to you."

"Salute! LIFE, and may your good jokes never grow less."

"Amen!"



"YOU CAN TELL HE'S AN ARMY MULE—SEE ALL HIS SERVICE STRIPES."

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-four years. In that time it has expended \$191,130.33 and has given a fortnight in the country to 41,505 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 17 West 31st Street, New York City.

The following list includes all contributions received after the close of last year's work:

Previously acknowledged	\$5,233.30
Mrs. Russell Sabor, Minneapolis	10.00
Lieut. Comd'r C. Paul, U. S. N., Yorktown, Va.	10.00
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Dorothy Earl, San Diego, Calif.	10.00
Mrs. Ralph Sparling, Pasadena, Calif.	2.50
C. W. Wiley, Seattle, Wash.	10.00
B. D. Ives, Pasadena, Calif.	10.00
Lieut. Comd'r N. B. Farwell, U. S. Navy, Great Lakes, Ill.	10.00

(Continued on page 926.)



Drawn by R. M. Crosby.

"DOES SHE PENCIL HER EYEBROWS?"
 "THAT'S EVIDENTLY WHERE SHE DRAWS THE LINE."

Life



Lines

GROVER CLEVELAND BERGDOLL'S application for German citizenship may be taken as a certain indication that Germany is not preparing for a new war.

What's all this talk about "intoxicating air"? The only man that ever got a respectable kick out of the atmosphere was Benjamin Franklin.

The Thirteen Original Colonies were lucky. They had a Constitution without amendments.

Antal Papp, Bishop of the Uniates Church, has refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Czechoslovakian Republic. S'matter, Papp?

Men's feet are known as "dogs," but all the barking is done on their shins.

"I'll disarm if you will," said one gunman to another. Then they shot each other to death.

Here's something that calamity howlers won't deny. Divorce can never become more widespread than marriage.

Bolshevism of the radical form of two years ago is dead, according to Congressman Chandler of New York.

So are a great many thousands of its victims.

High Heels Losing Ground Even in France.

—*Literary Digest.*

This looks like an opening for some wide-awake ground-gripper salesman.

A well-informed person is one who knows that an octoroon is not a double quartet.

With prohibition sleuths so active, it is getting harder for youth to be served.

The only way to get along with women

is to let them think they are having their own way, and the only way to do that is to let them have it.

Describing the shimmy as danced "by natives in America," the *London Daily News* declares that it is "such a fatiguing business that after two dances the natives have to be carried out of the ring exhausted."

Drool, Britannia.

The gas company is to be commended for keeping quarter-meters at twenty-five cents.

The only regret Mrs. Grundy ever entertained was that she had two ears for hearing gossip and only one tongue to repeat it.

The Communist Party in Russia—the real rulers of that country—number less than 10,000 members.—*Samuel Gompers.*

Pooh! That's nothing. Our intellectuals—including the editorial staffs of the *New Republic*, the *Freeman*, the *Nation*, and *H. L. Mencken*—number less than 100.

And look at us!

A fussy person is a chap that refuses to take a life preserver because there's a hole in it.

Einstein could have told the Germans that the inevitable is never relative.

A literacy test for incoming aliens wouldn't keep down immigration half so much as making them read the Constitutional amendments.

"Tame" ferrets are quite likely to bite the hand that feeds them.

The radical red, we take it, of the animal kingdom.

A man is known by the dog that precedes him down the street.—*Gove (Kan.) Republican-Gazette.*

How about the man with the dog that sits down on the sidewalk and has to be dragged?

The many earnest persons who believe the Allied war debt should be canceled will learn with regret that Mr. Bryan has lately come out in favor of it.

A small box will be reserved at the ring-side for those who pronounce Carpentier's name in four syllables.



LOCAL GOSSIP

JOE SMALLY has been experimentin' on a contrivance fer diggin' clams more scientific. It's on the idea of a hay rake. He gut it stuck inter the mud down by the cove last week an' like to pulled his gizzard out tryin' to move it. But he couldn't budge it, so he hed to go back hum fer a spade to dig it aout.

Mel Slocum hes been a-diggin' at the flats regular for forty years, an' he sez the wust uv it is the dumdengled machinery hes scairt the clams all away.

(To be continued in our next.)

Won't Mr. Edison kindly ask Police Commissioner Enright why burglary insurance rates are going up if the crime wave is going down?

"Export of Czechoslovak hams is to be again allowed," says the *Czechoslovak Review*.

Haven't we had enough of these Russian dramas?



Carefully Brought-up Child: MOTHER-R, I THINK, FROM THE SOUND, THAT GOD HAS SENT GERTRUDE AN EGG.

Retorts Courteous

FOR the convenience of authors, who are always too busy to think for themselves, we have compiled a series of pleasant rejoinders to be used whenever the occasion may be ripe. How many times have we, who tear off prose and poetry, been stumped for a fitting and reciprocal reply when some friend says, "That's great stuff you've been writing lately, old man!" This list solves the problem. The busy author has only to accept the compliment, and recite his heart-felt reply. Thus:

"Thanks, old chap, but you've been making some great sales of razors yourself."

"How about yourself, old top? Why, your appendicitis operations are the talk of the town!"



Bald-headed Optimist: I WANT A BOTTLE OF YOUR HAIR-RESTORER AND A COMB AND BRUSH.

"Gee, it's great to hear you say that, Charley. By the way, you've been running the 8:18 on a wonderful schedule these last few months."

"Much obliged, old timer. I've certainly enjoyed those divorce cases you worked up."

"Glad you like it, old pal, but you've been running some mighty fine auction sales yourself."

"Didn't know you read my stuff, old man, but here's something I'll say myself. You've been putting in some wonderful plumbing every job you got."

"Mighty nice of you to say so, old scout, but did you know everyone's talking about your bridge work?"

Neal R. O'Hara.

The New Immorality

By MONTAGUE GLASS



It is confidently predicted that after ten years of Prohibition, the American public will have lost its taste for alcohol as a beverage. There is also no doubt that the automobile will soon have supplanted the horse and other draft animals. The practice of Birth Control will likewise reduce the number of our children to the point where there will be only .00031416 of a child to every paid official of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The question therefore presents itself: What is to become of those paid officials,—not only of the S. P. C. C. but also of the Anti-Saloon League and of the numerous Humane Societies?

Are all these no longer useful citizens to be forced into industries already overcrowded and underpaid? Not if they can help it, and there is nothing in the political and economic history of this country to justify the belief that they are *not* going to help it, either. In fact, you can bet your entire holding of Liberty Bonds that no paid official of the present law enforcement machinery, public or private, will permit the annulment of a national vice to stand between him and his salary. Once a paid official, always a paid official.

Let us therefore glimpse into the future

and ascertain just how the law may be enforced so as to continue in office this large body of ultimate consumers, and at the same time carry out in spirit the intention of the late Henry Bergh, Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry, and of course, the Rev. William H. Anderson,—if he is Rev.

Extract from the Los Angeles Times-Examiner of January 19th, 1942:

MRS. EDNA MAY GARFINKLE, sometimes known as the "Woman Pussyfoot Johnson" and an officer of the Anti-Saloon League, was the complainant in Judge Watson W. Watson's court this morning against Roderick J. Zimmermann, 23, moving picture actor, and Warren Harding Cohen, 21, a drug clerk. The defendant, Cohen, was charged with dispensing a heaping tablespoonful of Bromo-Glossubler without a doctor's prescription, in violation of Section 26 of the Constitution of the United States prohibiting the consumption of headache remedies, and the defendant, Zimmermann, was charged with being an accessory before the fact.

Cohen testified that the defendant, Zimmermann, told him he had procured a prescription but had left it in his other pants and would bring it round that afternoon. Zimmermann, when put on the stand, admitted that he had told Cohen he had procured a prescription. When asked by Prosecutor Cottogin why he had taken this illegal means of obtaining a headache

remedy, the defendant said he had a headache at the time. Both defendants were found guilty and received sentences of from one to fifteen years. They were taken to San Quentin this morning.

Extract from the Detroit Press (formerly the Detroit Free Press) of July 1st, 1950:

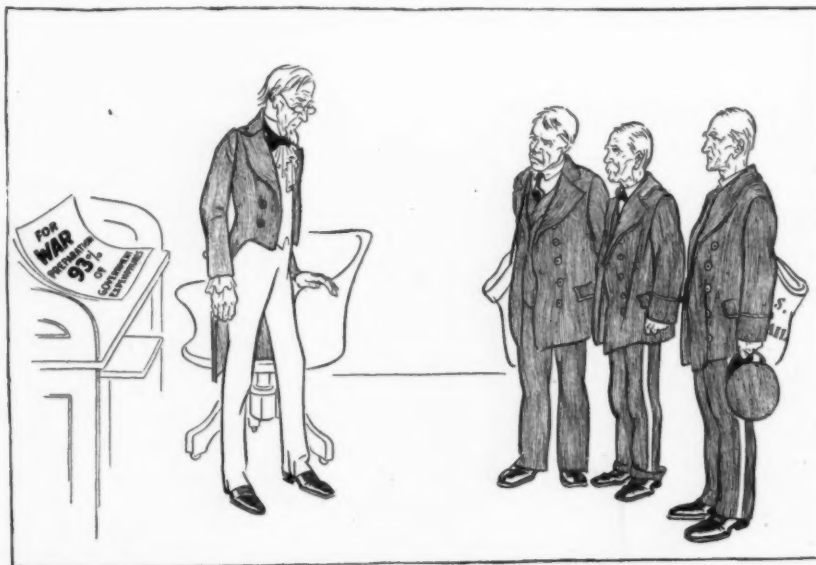
LADISLAW PRDWRSKY of 4466328 Woodward Avenue was arraigned before Police Justice Patrick M. Rosenthal in the 49th District Municipal Court yesterday upon complaint of Officer Moses F. X. Saulpaugh of the S. P. C. A. The officer testified that he was standing on the corner of Woodward Avenue and East 809th Street when his attention was called to the defendant by Miss Elizabeth Blackwell Jones, Treasurer of the local branch of the S. P. C. A. Prdwrsky, the officer said, had been previously warned about driving his four-cylinder touring car with more than five passengers. The touring car was laboring painfully and hitting on only three cylinders. Evidence was also given of a former conviction for cruelty to a runabout by operating it with the emergency brake on. The defendant was found guilty and sentenced to ten days in the City Prison with costs.

Extract from the Cyprus (Pennsylvania) Register of April 1st, 1951:

ROBERT L. S. TAGLIALATELA, 54, a short story writer, was tried in the Court of General Sessions in and for the County of Pennypacker for endangering the morals of his grandfather, Fitzgerald M. Taglialatela, by taking him into a place where a theatrical performance was taking place within the meaning of the statute known as An Act to Prevent Cruelty to Children. Officer George J. Citron, of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, gave evidence, and in support of the charge testified that the elder Taglialatela was ninety-four (94) years of age, an orphan and in his second childhood. He was committed to the Leake and Watts Orphan Asylum. The defendant, his grandson, was sentenced by the Court to eight months' imprisonment at hard labor in the Pennypacker County Penitentiary, and a fine of one hundred dollars together with costs and disbursements.

"NO man is so bad that he couldn't be worse," said the Optimist.

"He might have been twins," suggested the Pessimist.



"I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT JUST NOW, WHEN WE'RE TRYING IN EVERY WAY TO CUT DOWN EXPENSES—"



Drawn by W. H. WALKER.

The Consortium

A Fable

IN his luxuriant garden, behind a high wall, the Chinese Dragon lay nigh unto death of old age and too much knowledge.

The Beasts of the Field, seeing his plight, were moved with pity and wept to think that if the Dragon should die, the luxuriant garden must go to waste.

"What he needs," purred the Lion, "is a dose of good British gold and plenty of fresh air, and the way to get fresh air is to sleep with your door open."

"By all means keep his door open nights," squawked the Eagle, "but, in my opinion, American gold is more strengthening!"

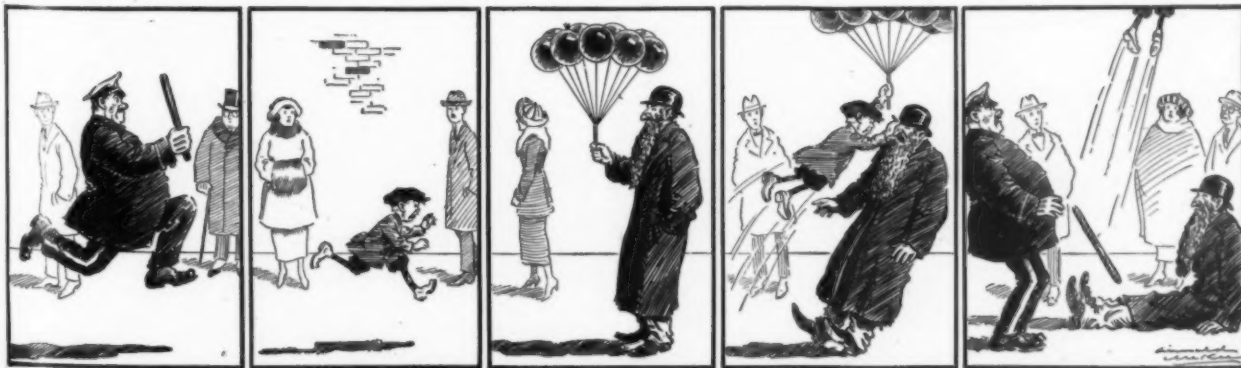
"Quite right about the door," crowed Mr. Cock, "but why only one kind of gold?—surely a change of diet would be more beneficial!"

"I agree with you all about his leaving the door open nights," barked the Fox, "but as the Dragon's neighbor and nearest

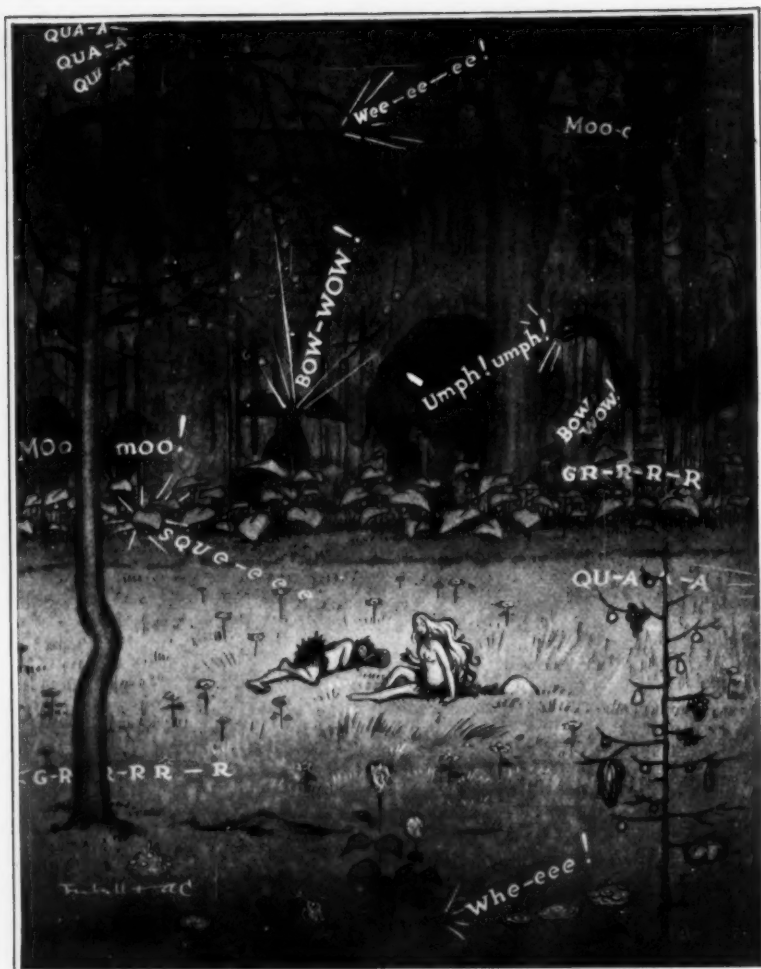
relative, I ought to have some say about his diet—"

To this the Beasts agreed, and calculating that there was charity enough in it for all, they thereupon decided to pool their pity in a consortium.

"I don't know what a consortium is," growled the Russian Bear, "and I have no money and still less pity, but if the Dragon leaves his door open my chance may yet come."—*Oliver Herford.*



YOUTH WILL BE SERVED.



THE FIRST CASE OF INSOMNIA.

Ballade of Books Unbought

By Christopher Morley.

SOME of the books that I would prize
I'll buy (within ten years or so)—
J. Conrad's "Under Western Eyes,"
A good Montaigne (by Florio).
Old tomes like Holinshed or Stowe
Would gloriously ballast me,
And, when financial conduits flow,
Gissing's "By the Ionian Sea."

John Morley's book "On Compromise,"
A decent set of E. A. Poe;
Bacon, perhaps, to make me wise;
And Sanborn's Life of Hank Thoreau.

Most of the works of Neil Munro,
That history by Wells (H. G.)
And (nicest title that I know)
Gissing's "By the Ionian Sea."

I'm sure my mind will fertilize
When I have bought some more Defoe;
And every time they advertise
That Merrick set my passions grow.
And "Far Away and Long Ago"
And "Goosequill Papers" (L. I. G.)*
Will stand upon this shelf, below
Gissing's "By the Ionian Sea."

ENVOY:

Booksellers! I soliloquize
No merely idle rhapsody—
Some day you'll see a man who buys
Gissing's "By the Ionian Sea."

* Louise Imogen Guiney.



Charlotte: SAW JOE AT THE MOVIES WITH MABEL SATURDAY NIGHT. AREN'T YOU KEEPING COMPANY WITH HIM NOW?

Gladys: NO. I ASKED HIM IF HE LIKED HER BETTER THAN ME, AND HE SAID YES—SO I THREW HIM OVER.



Visitor: WHAT A WONDERFUL PICTURE!

Native: THEY DO MAKE A PURTY PICTURE, DON'T THEY?

Active Depressants

PEOPLE who quote poetry. . . . People who give imitations of the sounds their baby makes when he takes his bath. . . . People who ask you what do you care if you have put on weight, so long as you feel well. . . . People who relate the plots of movies. . . . People who tell you to draw a card out of the pack, and be sure to remember what one it was. . . . People who use water wings. . . . People who employ black cords, to attach their hats to their shoulders. . . . People who get up charades. . . . People who make jokes about prohibition, marriage, cheese, Saturday night bathing, and the difference between an optimist and a pessimist. . . . People who name their summer cottages. . . . People who sign their letters "as ever." . . . People who show you albums of snapshots taken on the beach. . . . People who get a laugh by mispronouncing French words. . . . People who explain what foods disagree with them, and how. . . . People who organize raffles. . . . People who make lists of people like this. . . .

Dorothy Parker.

The Faithful Servitor

"WAITER, I want two boiled eggs."

"Yes, sir. How will you have them, sir?"

"Have them boiled exactly three minutes—no more, and no less."

"Yes, sir. Hard, soft or medium, sir?"



"I WANT YE TO PULL THIS ONE OUT SO I CAN WHISTLE LIKE SPIDER SMITH."

the Cinema Primer

Verses by Robert E. Sherwood

Drawings by John Held, Jr.



the Fans

You ask me why the Films are cheap,
And why they make an Ar-tist weep,
And why they're all so Far from Pure,
And why they Man-gle Lit'-ra-ture,
And why they stress, in ev'-ry Reel,
The el-e-ment of Sex ap-peal,
And why they o-ver-flow with Bunk,
And why they're—in a Word—so Punk,
And why they run in such a Rut. . . .
I'd solve your griev-ous Rid-dles, but
A-las—I am no Nec-ro-man-cer—
Go ask the Fans, for *they're* the An-swer.



the Critic

The Cri-tic sees a Tenth Rate Mo-vie
And, though he'd like to dis-ap-prove, he
Pro-ceeds to delve in his The-saur-us,
And spreads, in bright Ar-ray, before us
A Line of Words like "Vast, Tre-men-dous,
Un-sur-passed, Su-preme, Stu-pen-dous.
It held us Breath-less—Awed—A-ghost,—
A per-fect Work of Art at Last." . . .
And if, per-chance, you'd like to Know
Just why he shoots his Face off so,
And what in-spires his Gen-u-flec-tions—
Con-sult his Ad-ver-ti-sing Sec-tions.



"SURE, PERCY, YE CAN PLAY WITH US—



"YE CAN BE A BOLSHEVIK."

Lies

DON'T give it another thought—I'm in no hurry for the money.

* * *

Why, surely. Bring as many friends as you want—the more the merrier.

* * *

Yes, dinner is at seven-thirty—but come as early as you please.

* * *

Help yourself, old man—there's lots more where that came from.

* * *

—as long as you want to; we never go to bed in this house, you know.

* * *

Go as far as you like around here—the sky's the limit.

* * *

Please take the rest of the paper—I've read all I want to.

* * *

Sleep just as late as you like—we have breakfast at all hours.

* * *

Now don't feel in a hurry about returning this book—I don't care if I never get it back.

* * *

Do just as you please about that—



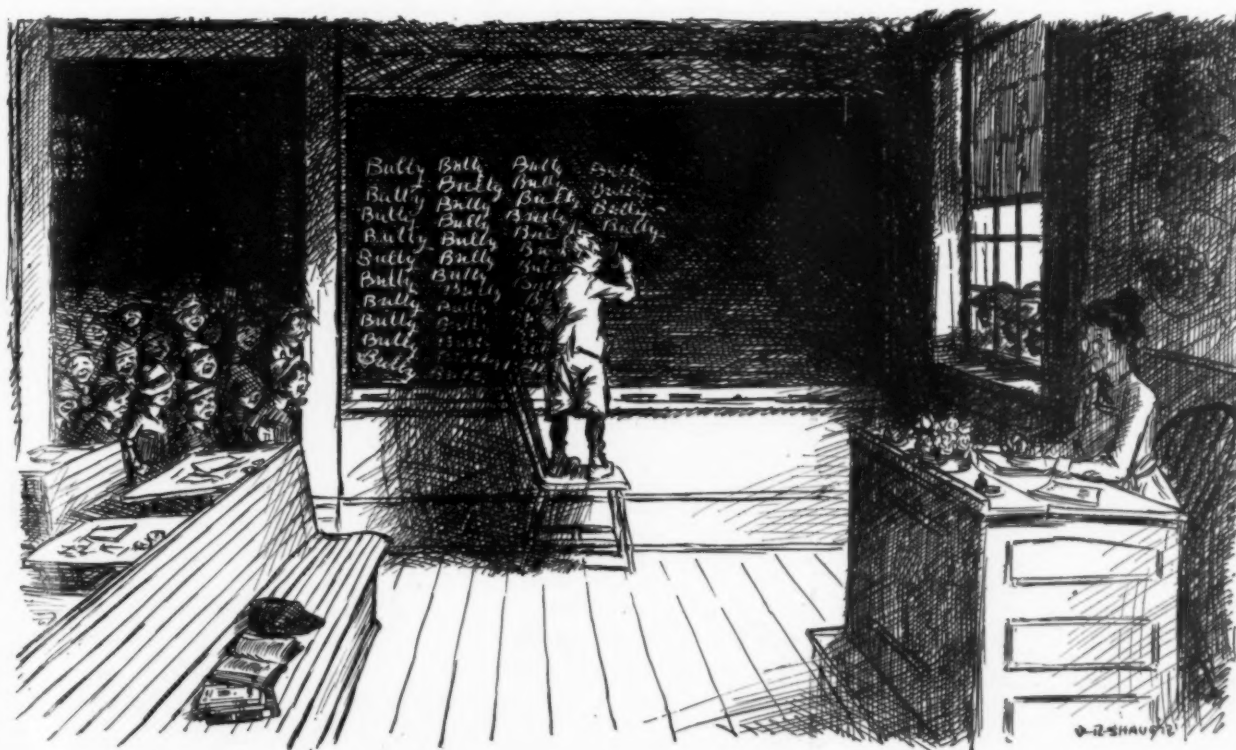
Lady: YOUR LITTLE GIRL HAS DELIGHTFUL MANNERS, MRS. O'FLANAGAN.
Washlady: YIS, MUM; I ALWAYS TAUGHT HER NOT TO LOOK DOWN ON HER SUPERIORS.

Keeping It Holy

ENFORCEMENT of the blue laws would make Sunday not a day of resting but of arresting.

At All Hours

"HAS Bobbie been eating between meals?"
"Bobbie has no between meals."



THE SCHOOL BULLY IS KEPT IN FOR PUNISHMENT.

Sounder's Own Russian Policy

LIFE'S Famous Correspondent Has One All Ready to Frame

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



(Special Correspondence)

WASHINGTON, June 21.—I don't know whether it was merely because he wears whiskers that I expected Mr. Hughes to be more friendly toward Russia. At any rate I am deeply disappointed in his refusal to talk trade with the soviets.

SENATOR FRANCE THOROUGHLY UNDERSTANDS.

With the possible exception of the *New Republic*, Senator Joseph France, several university Liberal clubs, and myself, no one seems to realize that the very future of our country is dependent on our resuming trade relations with the Russian government, if that is what you call it.

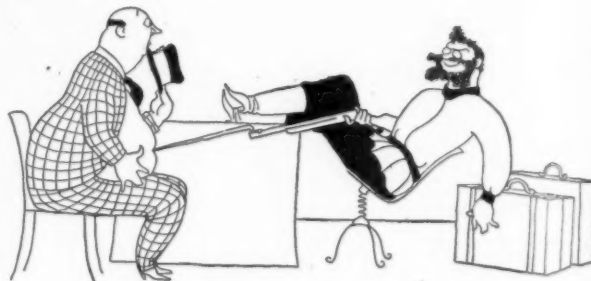
This was brought home to me strongly last week when I received delegations of the Affiliated Order of Second Story Workers and the Watch and Wallet Relief Society. These organizations have been urging very strongly that we renew relations with Russia on the ground that a thorough dissemination of the Communistic principles would materially improve conditions in their own industry. I am convinced that they were not idle theorists, for I found, after they left, that they had shared my watch with me.

Having grasped the Russian point of view, you can proceed with clearer understanding to the facts of the case. What have we to export that Russia needs and wants? The list is so long that I cannot enumerate it here, but

one item alone, soap, would keep our factories humming night and day to supply to the trade. There may be some dispute whether Russia really wants this article, but since it meets the first requirement, it should be included. In fact, we might make that a stipulation in the treaty.

I always like to look beyond dollars and cents in a question of this sort, and it seems to me that the greatest advantage from Russian trade will be its effect on the Soul of American Business. Imagine sending a shipment of natty gentlemen's hose to Moscow—the

—the red-blooded fight in court over whether the money belongs to you or the person from whom it was stolen.



WHAT SHOULD JONES DO?

There's pep! There's thrill! There's a run for your money!

The traveling salesman will find his work much more inspiring than it is under the present routine. Suppose, for example, that Mr. Jones, after carefully pinning his money inside his shirt, is showing his line of fashionable sleeve-garters to Comrade Blifk. Comrade offers to buy the lot for 253,000,000 rubles, or in our money, \$1.29. Jones declines. Comrade offers to fight him for the samples. Jones declines hastily. Comrade confiscates the samples in the name of the soviet. Jones continues to decline. Comrade arrests Jones for plotting against the soviet. What should Jones do? In training salesmen to meet situations such as this, the correspondence schools will plainly have to revise their courses.

I hope that Mr. Hughes will see the force of my reasoning when negotiations are resumed—as they soon will be.

Senator Sounder.



THEY WERE NOT IDLE THEORISTS.

thrill of having it looted by soviet custom officials—the joy when six pairs arrive safely—the suspense of wondering whether you will be paid—the shock of being paid

Suspicious

"I'M afraid I must have made a mistake and given that waiter a larger tip than I intended to."

"What makes you think so?"

"He said 'Thank you.'"

LINE forms on the left for those who would rather have Dempsey's right than be President.

We Talked of Worlds

WE talked this afternoon of worlds That herd within the sky; Of all the majesty and reach Of stellar space, till I Was grateful to the ladybug That crawled across my dress, Just for its foolish speckled back, And for its littleness.

Ethel D. Turner.

Reserves

DRUGGIST: How is that cough medicine holding out?

SLIMSON: I've got enough for a couple more dinner parties.

"I THOUGHT I told you that I wouldn't rent this apartment to you if you had any children."

"These are my grandchildren."



Drawn by W. J. ENRIGHT.

SEE AMERICA FIRST - No. 1.

CAPTURING A ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP IN THE SUBURBS OF DENVER, COLORADO.



"While there is Life there's Hope"

JUNE 23, 1921

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A GREAT many people get into the paper without warrant merely because something happens to them. Some of them like it. Some of them do not. Some of them do not care. There is the Princess Anastasia, so called, of whom it was lately reported by cable by the Associated Press from Paris that she had undergone a slight operation successfully and expected to have another. The cable says she has an intestinal disorder from which she suffers, as well as also a young son who tours Europe in an airplane and gets engaged to girls whom the mother had not selected and from whom, we presume, she suffers (possibly) as much as from the intestinal troubles. One has sympathy for her, of course, in all these pains and operations and disappointments, and thinks of her as the Princess Anesthesia, exuding ether and melancholy.

But why should this lady's pangs and sorrows be communicated to the public at so much expense? Are her intestinal affairs of so much importance? The inwards of all Europe are disturbed, and beside Poland and Silesia and Russia and all these troubles, the Princess's internal disturbances seem negligible, and as to the son who navigates the empyrean and makes unauthorized engagements—pigeons do the same. Why so much about the son in the papers? Are he and his mother "affected by a public interest," that their personal concerns are so much reported?

Who is this Princess? One sees her described as the former Mrs. Leeds—not apparently the Mrs. Leeds one reads of in the Stillman case, but the widow of a tinplate merchant in Pittsburgh, who solidified a good deal of money and died leaving it all behind him. His wife went abroad and invaded polite and political

life and married, it seems, one of the imported Princes of Greece.

All that is an interesting story enough for one telling, but does it really make this Princess Anesthesia a character whose private sufferings must be given to the world by telegraph and cable when her doctors make an effort to relieve her?



MR. EDWARD BOK, whom we all know so well and with so much admiration as the long-time editor of a successful periodical, having retired from that activity, seems to give himself now entirely to good works and to the encouragement of them in others. One hears of him giving away money, and in quite large quantities. In the entire history of the United States, if not of the world, was there ever another case of an editor of a periodical who was able to retire in middle life with more money than he needed to support him? Perhaps the Prohibition Amendment has helped to make Mr. Bok's living expenses small, but probably not, for other people have not been helped much in that way. It must be that he has an ample supply of funds.

At any rate he has established a fund to provide an annual prize of ten thousand dollars as a reward for the greatest service to Philadelphia. Every year the man who does the best stroke for Philadelphia gets that money if the judges consider that the stroke he has done is good enough. But he must be a Philadelphian; that is, he must belong to the Philadelphia district, though he need not live within the city limits.

What is the best thing one could do for Philadelphia? This question was put to a resident of that city and he said,

"Burn a lot of it!" but that would be too irregular. A man could not get Mr. Bok's prize by extended arson, especially now that housing is so scarce and building so high. Most old cities need large fires and most of them get them first or last, but it is not lawful to set them, and no unlawful act could win a prize put up by Edward Bok. An expert in periodicals, being invited to suggest how the *New Republic* could be improved, said, "Leave a lot of it out!" which, of course, is the same idea as the Philadelphian had about Philadelphia. Neither idea is quite practicable.



A KANSAS CITY dispatch says that the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Superintendent of the International Reform Bureau, has announced his purpose to send a letter to Henry Ford to tell him that he must frame legislation that will stop the use of the motor car for immoral purposes.

That seems rather a large order. Dr. Crafts says that motor cars are fostering vice all over the land, which is probably true more or less, though they foster more or less virtue also. But to stop motor cars fostering vice, Ford cars especially, is about as hard as to improve Philadelphia. No legislation that one can think of can do it. The great way to improve Philadelphia is to improve mankind, including the Philadelphians, and the same remedy would diminish the objection to motor cars as vice carriers, and indeed benefit the whole world.

The motor cars are all right. Philadelphia has good points and is not so bad. It is man that is the devil. It is he who cuts up and makes trouble. It is his

tantrums and scalawag purposes and infernal ingenuities that have got the world into so bad a case. We hope Mr. Bok's first prize will be awarded to somebody that makes the best improvement in man. That will help Philadelphia the most and at the same time diminish the guilt of motor cars and be a help to a world generally depressed.



THE Stillman case drags along, taking up a large allowance of space in the daily papers and making very sordid reading. People with a large appetite for gossip may like it. Most decent people find it unpalatable. It is a heavy tax on patience, and being so we ought to get out of it any useful things that it may contain.

The Hearst *American* printed a story the other day about James Stillman's father and mother, how, for the last twenty odd years of his father's life, his parents were separated and his mother lived out of the United States. They had five or six children, who apparently did not see their mother for nearly a quarter of a century. The cause of the separation does not appear, but the father's widow takes sides with the fighting wife of her son.

The fact that James Stillman, Sr., got very, very rich tempts one to attribute his shortcomings and troubles to money. Perhaps he got richer than he was constituted to endure. Water is a fine thing. We cannot live without it, and it is handy to wash in. It is one of the most useful things in the world and indispensable to human life, but my! when it gets loose in quantity and slops around as it did the other day at Pueblo in Colorado, see what havoc it raises and what fatalities follow!

Money also is very useful, and a certain amount of it seems to be practically indispensable to current human life, but loose in quantity it may raise as much havoc as water. The thing to do about water is to keep one's head above it, and the same thing is necessary in one's relation to money. No matter how much water you have dropped into you can get along if you can swim, and if you can swim successfully in money, even a great surplus of it may not hurt you. But if you cannot swim when you drop into too much water you drown, and when you fall into too much money you do not do much better.

Perhaps the Stillman case may be worth its space and its noise to remind people of

the very slight connection between riches and happiness. That it is a bawling scandal is a good thing. The more it bawls, the better. The father's scandal, if he had one, was successfully suppressed. This one that affects the son is getting an enormous publicity, and may be worth it as a factor in correcting human estimates of what it is worth while to be and what it is worth while to have. But as to the men, father and son, alas, for them! they are pitiable for what they missed in spite of what they got.



SIR OLIVER LODGE is a confirmed and trustworthy optimist. Out of that sun spot storm that lately disorgan-

ized cable service, he sees good results—the strengthening of the monsoon and a consequent improvement in the Indian harvest and possible benefit to our own crops from the electrified particles thrown off by the sun during the extraordinary disturbance.

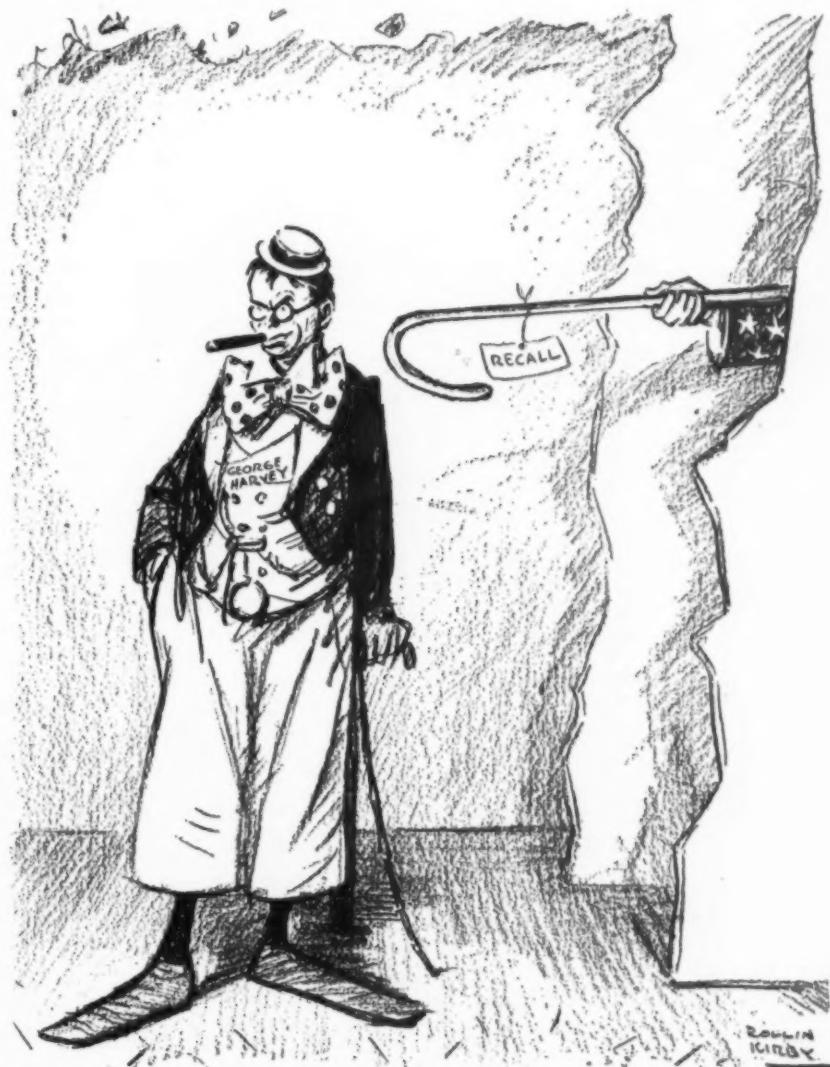
Sir Oliver looks on the bright side even of a sun spot. He knows how to look. He is the kind of man who can see that George Harvey is doing good.

A newspaper headline reads:

RECALL OF HARVEY BELIEVED UNLIKELY.

Unlikely? One would say so. In squally weather like this, so prudent an administration as Mr. Harding's can surely be trusted to know a good lightning rod when it sees it and to keep it installed.

E. S. Martin.



THE BAD ACTOR
"GIVE HIM THE HOOK."



People We Can Get A
KIX
THE PARTY WHO "HOWES HE



e Can Get Along Without
KIX
HO "HOPES HE DOESN'T INTRUDE."



Snapshots



HERE is nothing so funny as a good burlesque and nothing so ghastly as a poor one. That is a flat statement of fact. Both good and ghastly are to be found in "Snapshots of 1921."

With a trio like Nora Bayes, Lew Fields and DeWolf Hopper to work with, an author has every chance in the world. And at least two of the authors have made the most of their opportunity.

John Hastings Turner and James Montgomery Flagg have written two burlesques of the triangle drama, one as Americans imagine it in England and the other as the English imagine it in America, each just about as good as it possibly could be made. In fact, they are so subtle and so quietly done that one wonders how they ever survived in the same bill with some of the rest.

This picking out the best and worst, however, is evidently a matter of personal taste (how true that is in all we do in this workaday world, after all, don't you think so?). Some of the newspaper critics thought the triangle plays dull, and cited the "Clair de Lune" and detective-play burlesques as being really the high points in the performance. And there you are, as we used to say in school.



"SNAPSHOTS of 1921," therefore, must be considered from two points of view. If you are a member of one school of laughers, you will get in late enough to miss the "Deburau" burlesque (called, as it would be, "Dub-Derro"), will marvel at the quiet completeness of Mr. Turner's triangle play and suffer internal injuries at Mr. Flagg's American version, which is also perfect in its way, especially in the hands of Lew Fields as the American millionaire who, in his Fifth Ave. mansion, wears a six-shooter and a General Custer make-up. (Memorandum for producers: Get Mr. Flagg to do more stuff for revues.) There will also be a great deal of laughter for you in Glen MacDonough's "The Children's Hour in a Modern Nursery," with Mr. Fields this time appearing as a tough little boy in a purple Fauntleroy suit.

Then, if you belong to Class 1A, you will be through for the evening. There will be things in the "Clair de Lune" burlesque that will make you wonder if all these centuries of struggle to bring humanity from the protoplasmic state have been worth while, if it wouldn't be better to apply the torch now and, as Mr. Belasco so chokingly said in closing "Deburau," "go down with all sails set."

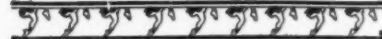
And, at the close of the burlesque on detective dramas, done in newspaper-syndicate verse, you will be well on your way up Forty-Second Street making strange sounds.

On the other hand, a perfectly reputable standard will be represented by those who don't care so much for the triangle burlesques, but who scream with delight at Mr. H. I. Phillips' "Clara Da Loon" and vow that Frances Nordstrom has done the cleverest bit of work of the season in her detective travesty entitled "Who Done It."

And can it with justice be said that what Class 1A laughs at is better than what Class 1B laughs at?

It can, but it causes only hard feeling to say it; so we will let it go unsaid.

ASBESTOS



THERE will be little difference of opinion, however, about several features of "Snapshots of 1921." All classes must admit that the finale to the first act, involving such simple properties as a large patent-leather back-drop and a short flight of steps, together with a well-trained chorus and some lights, makes as striking a scene as John Murray Anderson could have devised.

There ought also to be unanimity in awarding to the Chinese tot, who is led across the stage in the "Yokohama Lullaby" number, the celluloid comb-and-brush tray for being the blank-est-looking child seen on the stage during the season of 1920-21. Cute, it is true, but unquestionably a histrionic dumbbell.



AND there is no need of taking a plebiscite on Nora Bayes' ability to put a song across. Give her a number containing one part song to nine parts water (and she is given many such in "Snapshots"), and by the time she has sung the chorus through six times, with addenda, reference notes and *obiter dicta*, you are convinced that it is another "Over There." It isn't until you buy the music the next day and rush to the piano with it, only to discover that it is a steal on "Chop-Sticks," that you realize what a magician Nora Bayes is.

Honorable mention must also be made of Miss Bayes' singing partner, Alan Edwards, for bearing up so well under the most trying circumstances. In one of their songs, Mr. Edwards has to stand with Miss Bayes in the center of the stage, with no dance steps to take up his attention, and gaze in the tender manner at an imitation rose while Miss Bayes sings the verse and chorus through alone three or four times, exhorting Mr. Edwards in a slow tempo to "remember the rose." There is little danger of his forgetting the rose. He has nothing to do but look at it for ten minutes and try not to appear any sillier than he has to. And he doesn't, which is great credit to him.

DeWolf Hopper is the only one of the triumvirate whose talents are wasted. Not once is he allowed to sing a Gilbert and Sullivan number or recite "Casey at the Bat."



"MISS LULU BETT" has been awarded the Pulitzer prize for 1921 for the American play which shall "best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners."

This is fine, and "Miss Lulu Bett" deserves it. But it deserves even more. How about a prize some day for the best piece of dramatic writing?

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Bat. *Morosco.*—Terrific nerve strain, borne with pleasure.

Gold. *Frazee.*—Not Eugene O'Neill's best play, but Willard Mack's best acting.

The Green Goddess. *Booth.*—Sly crime in the Himalayas, performed in a polished manner by George Arliss.

Liliom. *Fulton.*—A splendid combination of fantasy and realism in an account of Liliom's career on earth and in Heaven.

Miss Lulu Bett. *Belmont.*—Recently awarded the Pulitzer prize for 1921 and worthy of it.

The Tyranny of Love. *Cort.*—A French classic of marital unpleasantness, translated so late that it now borders on burlesque in spite of an excellent cast.

Comedy and Things Like That

The Broken Wing. *Forty-Eighth St.*—The artistic pinnacle of the piece is reached when a full-sized airplane crashes into a Mexican dwelling.

The First Year. *Little.*—The funniest play of the season and all about you and your family.

The Ghost Between. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—A curious mixture of good and bad, with Arthur Byron making the most of the good.

The Gold Diggers. *Lyceum.*—Next to the oldest play in town.

Just Married. *Shubert.*—A honeymoon and other things on board an ocean liner. Very amusing when Lynne Overman is on deck, at other times just rough.

Ladies' Night. *Eltinge.*—Well, it seems there were these three men who got into a Turkish bath on ladies' night by mistake and—have you heard this one before?

Lightnin'. *Gaiety.*—Greek drama, by Euripides. Very good.

Mr. Pim Passes By. *Henry Miller.*—Delightful little English comedy, nice and mild.

Nice People. *Klaw.*—A warning to the youth of to-day, entertaining during the horrible example parts.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

The Broadway Whirl. *Times Square.*—To be reviewed next week.

Honeydew. *Casino.*—Return engagement of Zimbalist's score.

The Dumbbells. *Ambassador.*—Canadian war veterans in a lively entertainment.

The Last Waltz. *Century.*—A good old-fashioned comic opera, full of hussars' uniforms, funny clowning by James Barton, and Straus music splendidly sung by Eleanor Painter.

Love Birds. *Apollo.*—Pat Rooney in a show of his own. The show isn't much, but a lot of people like Pat Rooney.

Sally. *New Amsterdam.*—You won't find anything any better than this, what with Marilyn Miller, Leon Errol and plenty of good music and dancing.

Shuffle Along. *Sixty-Third St.*—Worth the trip up-town just to see how these colored singers and dancers enjoy their work.

Snap-Shots of 1921. *Selwyn.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Two Little Girls in Blue. *George M. Cohan's.*—Pleasant music well danced.

The Whirl of New York. *Winter Garden.*—To be reviewed next week.

Ziegfeld Follies. *Globe.*—Reviewed later.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY—No. 1

A QUIET EVENING IN THE HOME OF W. L. DOUGLAS.



By Heywood Brown

ONCE upon a time, most American novelists felt that the chief duty of an author was to be funny. While most of our humor was palpably conscious. Now the bad old days are passing.

Novelists have come round to the notion that they can be funny if they wish, but that there is no compulsion. Among the authors who once teetered on the brink of being merely funny men was Booth Tarkington. He has come bravely through all that and his latest novel, "Alice Adams," which is published by Doubleday, Page & Co., seems to me to be his best.

Perhaps it is needless to say that "Alice Adams" is a novel about the Middle West. I can't remember a serious American novel for years and years that wasn't about the Middle West. But, unlike much of the fiction of the day, Tarkington steers a definite course down the centre of the fairway.

HE doesn't insist that American life is pretty much all sweetness and sunshine, nor does he maintain that everything is mean and sordid. A good deal of dust

and grime drifts in, but there are also moments of strong wind and at the end sunlight is coming through an open window. Some people are smashed for good and others lie down to bleed a while and then get up again to go on. To my mind, Mr.

heart is broken he thereupon goes mad, commits suicide or pines away more slowly. This time it is a she. Alice Adams violates the tradition. She sighs a bit, looks a little wistfully at the wreckage, and then goes to work.

Like a good many of his contemporaries, Mr. Tarkington has concerned himself with the social stratification which is rapidly coming into being even in our newer cities. However, no reader can fail to go away from the book feeling that while these little groups are interesting they are not important. Their judgments and their prejudices are hardly of the stuff from which tragedy is made. Alice Adams is cast out, but once clear she finds that the nether world is not one of utter darkness.

THE last stronghold of the sentimental novelist is college life. I do not pretend to be an absolutely impartial judge, but until I read "The Big Year," by Meade Minnigerode (G. P. Putnam's Sons), I never dreamed that anybody could take

(Continued on page 925.)



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



The Old Soak, by Don Marquis (Doubleday-Page), was written for the sake of generations to come. "In a little while there won't be any one in this broad land of ours, speaking of it geographically, that knows what an old-fashioned barroom was like." Mr. Marquis imparts the necessary information through one of his most amusing characters.

The Salvaging of Civilization, by H. G. Wells (Macmillan), tells what we must do to be saved and what will happen if we don't. "There is hope," says Mr. Wells.

The Guarded Heights, by Wadsworth Camp (Doubleday-Page), tells how a stable boy became a Princeton football hero and how he won the beautiful heiress who had once scorned him. Naïve but interesting.

Plays, by Eugene O'Neill (Boni & Liveright), a collection which includes "The Emperor Jones" and "Diff'rent," seen here this season, and also "The Straw," which is to be produced next year. These plays have a distinct reading value as well as a dramatic.

The Seeds of Enchantment (Doubleday-Page), by Gilbert Frankau, concerns adventures and explorations in an unknown kingdom filled with danger and beautiful women. Cheap but lively.

Tarkington has written the most persuasively truthful novel that has appeared for a long time.

In particular Tarkington has quit the familiar formula that when anybody's



Nervous Wreck: DOCTOR, I THINK I NEED A REST THIS SUMMER.

"ALL RIGHT, JIM, I'LL SEND YOUR WIFE TO THE MOUNTAINS."



ALIBI

Burglar: HONEST, MUM, I AIN'T YER HUSBAND!

To Mail Advertisers—Don't!

AS the Income Tax implies a bookkeeper and an accountant for every person who has to pay it, so mail advertising in its present volume implies that everybody keeps a private secretary.

It is a serious impediment to happiness to be on the mailing list of the mail advertisers. How they make up the lists, heaven knows.

A proud father, bragging the other day of his enterprising young son, said that his ideas had caused a wonderful development in the mail advertising business. It was something like boasting that his child had reduced bank burglary to a science, but the father did not see it so. Doubtless he has a private secretary and does not have to wade through his mail every morning, throwing out a handful or a double handful of solicitations to buy things he does not want in order to sort out a few letters that are really meant for him.

It is an axiom of the common law that a man's house is his castle, but no castle keeps out the United States mail. When it is delivered it is received. Whatever the postman hands in one must take. There is no present escape for the householder from receiving a whole lot of communications that do not concern him and that he does not want.

One can only conjecture how relief from this infliction is to come. Probably it will continue as long as it seems to pay. It is one of the objectionable forms of advertising. Another is the roadside advertising that disfigures the landscape. The progress of civilization, if civilization does progress, will in time abate that disfigurement, which will be prohibited by legislation as soon as public taste revolts against it. But how legislation can reach the mail advertisers is not so easy to see. Perhaps persuasion and appeals to mercy will deal with them better.

Will you not be so good, gentlemen, as to put your communi-



"BEDAD, OI'LL NIVER FORGET THOT SOIGHT EZ LONG EZ OI LIVE."

cations into public prints instead of intrusting them to the mail? The newspapers and periodicals will print them for you with much pleasure, and if you put your suggestions in the right papers—in this one, for example—they will not find their way unconsidered to the waste basket, as happens now to almost all the advertising that goes by mail.

E. S. M.

One-Way Traffic

"**S**ORRY," said the trolley conductor firmly, "but it's against the rules to take bent coins from passengers."

"But," protested the citizen, "I got this coin from you, in change, yesterday."

"Like enough," the other responded agreeably. "There isn't any rule against giving bent coins to passengers, you know."

"**W**HAT'S the use of having a speedometer on your car?"

"To tell you how fast you are traveling, of course."

"Nonsense! The cops will tell you that."



"HELLO! SOMEONE'S CUT US OFF!"

THE SILENT DRAMA



The Black Panther's Cub

THE principal character in "The Black Panther's Cub" is one of those unpleasant Parisian ladies who do all sorts of things that would be condemned by the Board of Selectmen in Zion City, Ill. She even goes so far as to run a fancy gambling joint with grand staircases and embossed flunkies, and the wrecked lives which are carted away from the place with the refuse every day are dumb witnesses to the fact that she twirls a mean roulette wheel.

This *Black Panther* has a daughter (as you may have guessed from the title), and the interest of the piece depends upon the possibility that this daughter will follow in her mother's staggering footsteps. . . . "In this corner, gentlemen, Young Heredity, one hundred and forty-four pounds; in this corner, Kid Environment, the same weight. Both members of this club. . . . Clang!" We need hardly add that the Kid triumphs via the knockout route.

It is not much of a story, but the acting of Florence Reed, Norman Trevor, Henry Stephenson and Tyrone Power, is excellent, and does much to distract attention from the plot.

A Wise Fool

YOU wouldn't think hearts would break in Canada, would you? Well, they do. George Melford's production, "A Wise Fool," proves it, beyond perad-

venture of doubt (old English idiom).

The wise fool is one *Jean Jacques Barbille*—"miller, money lender . . . and philosopher"—who has a young and Spanish wife. What with business and one thing and another, he doesn't get home very much, and his wife craves companionship (you know how those Latins are). The villain, *George Masson*, obligingly appears on the scene and makes the necessary trouble. *Mme. Barbille* goes out into the night, followed by her daughter, who elopes with an Englishman. Then *Barbille's* mill burns down, and he has to sell his goods and chattels to cover his debts.

All eventually ends well—but at what a cost!

James Kirkwood portrays the simple *Jean Jacques* with sympathy and restraint—also with whiskers, which help greatly in the big moments.

White and Unmarried

IT would be an easy matter to knock Thomas Meighan's new picture, "White and Unmarried," were it not that the scenario writer, Will M. Ritchey, steals all the critic's thunder by continually kidding the story himself.

For instance, when a particularly improbable situation is brought about—one which, under ordinary circumstances, would be a bit too thick for the most credulous to swallow—Mr. Ritchey dashes

in with a sly little sub-title, such as, "Coincidence, or whatever it is that arranges such things, brought the two together," and silences the anvil chorus. It is an underhanded but undeniably effective way of disarming adverse criticism.

The picture is full of many absurd bits of melodrama, some of which are beyond even Mr. Ritchey's powers of redemption, but Thomas Meighan is good enough to atone for a great deal. The action is lively and the interest is sustained.

Information Wanted

WE receive numerous letters from our readers containing personal questions about movie stars, such as, "Does Norma Talmadge use henna?" "Why doesn't Ben Turpin consult an oculist?" and so forth. We can only confess to utter and appalling ignorance. Our familiarity with the home life of cinema celebrities is limited to the knowledge that Mary Pickford is actually Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, and that Fatty Arbuckle has a fairly good appetite.

However, such as our knowledge is, we are always willing—nay, eager to share it with our readers.

Triumphant Youth

IF he continues his present rate of publicity, Jackie Coogan will, at the age of eight, be the most famous person in the world. Then, perhaps, the press agents will permit him to retire and write his memoirs. *Robert E. Sherwood.*

Recent Developments

SCRAP IRON (*First National*).—Charles Ray is remarkably good as a quiet young mechanic who becomes a prize fighter for one evening. His supporting cast is excellent, and the production well staged. We understand that much of the punch of the fight scene has been removed by those dear censors.

SNOW BLIND (*Goldwyn*).—Strong drama of the frozen north, well acted and pictorially effective, but not consistently interesting.

A RIDIN' ROMEO (*Fox*).—Tom Mix rides hell-for-leather across the map, and does a lot of other stunts not called for in his contract. A good picture, with plenty of excitement and occasional laughs.

TWO WEEKS WITH PAY (*Realart*).—Bebe Daniels as a shop girl who, while on her vacation, is called upon to impersonate a famous movie queen. Very mild entertainment.

THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED (*Paramount*).—A tale of regeneration in the South Seas,

with plenty of striking scenes, but not quite enough action, and a little bit too much mawkish sentiment.

Previously Reviewed

DECEPTION (*Paramount*).—The court of Henry the Eighth set forth in vivid style by a producer who combines a fine artistic sense with a real knowledge of motion picture technique. Splendidly acted and pictorially perfect.

REPUTATION (*Universal*).—Priscilla Dean adds much to her own reputation in this red-hot thriller of the New York theatrical world.

THROUGH THE BACK DOOR (*United Artists*).—A pleasant picture, somewhat too long for its subject, enlivened by the indomitably youthful Miss Mary Pickford.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA (*Fox*).—Mr. William Fox sets up a new record for prodigality of time, money and anachronisms in this

vast, sumptuous, stupendous, etc., etc., production.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY (*Paramount*).—A delightful interpretation of Barrie, done in excellent taste by Director Robertson and a fine cast.

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI (*Goldwyn*).—A screen version of all your favorite nightmares. Opinions differ as to its value as entertainment. So far as this department is concerned, it's a remarkable piece of work.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT (*Fox*).—Mark Twain's satiric novel is twisted into a highly laughable, slap-stick spectacle.

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE (*Metro*).—Without any question, the finest picture we have ever seen.

FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK.—"One a Minute," "Too Much Speed," "Lessons in Love," "Be My Wife" and "A Voice in the Dark."



IF THERE HAD BEEN MOVIES IN BIBLE TIMES

Movie Director (as Samson slays the lion): STOP! BRING ON ANOTHER LION. THAT OLD SKATE
AIN'T GOT ANY PEP.

Unpopular Memoranda

By George Jean Nathan

HEATHEN NOTE.—Democracy is based upon the theory that William Shakespeare and Samuel Shipman are equals in the eyes of the Lord. Somehow I can't persuade myself that the God we worship has any such idea.

II.

Mr. Frank Harris.—The otherwise highly estimable Frank Harris is, without doubt, the man responsible for the death of the Countess X. The Countess X, whoever she was, must have been a vigorous and indefatigable woman; she apparently spent her entire life introducing Harris to celebrities in all parts of the world. But the extraordinary vigor and vitality of the Countess, if we follow the chronicles which Harris sets down, could scarcely have been equal to the social demands made upon her by him—and hence, doubtless, her untimely end. If one is to believe Harris, the good Countess was a sorely rushed woman. On the same day one finds her introducing Harris to Pierre Loti in the latter's Paris salon, and to the

Boer General Jan Smuts in his tent on the South Eastern coast of Africa. On another occasion, it is apparent from Harris' confessions that the Countess, after introducing him at eleven o'clock one morning to the late Czar Nicholas in



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"
"NO PLACE."
"YOU MUST BE GOING SOME PLACE."
"NO, I'M NOT. I'M COMING BACK."

Petrograd, was seemingly compelled to make the trip to London by a peculiarly fast aeroplane that she might, at three o'clock of the same afternoon, introduce him to the Prince of Wales at a private reception. A good friend, the Countess, and true. Harris must mourn her loss.

Harris is the greatest interviewer of dead celebrities that the literary world has known. No dead celebrity whose table he hasn't graced, whose choicest *mot* was not manufactured in his presence. The moment a famous personage shuffles off the coil, Frank interviews him. And with what a wealth of reminiscent detail, with what an amplitude of hitherto unrelated sayings and doings of the eminent deceased! Harris is a great reporter. But one feat yet remains to him. The day he dies he must interview himself. What is more, it is, from the evidence, not beyond his talents.

III.

The Mystery Wave.—The so-called detective and mystery fiction wave, now sweeping the country, is not difficult to understand. For years, the public has

(Continued on page 923.)

"N. Y. to Los Angeles"

A Dramatic Critic Reviews His Own Tour Across the Continent.

"NEW YORK to Los Angeles" is listed in the travel booklet as a fast tour in four days and three nights. Too much talk and commonplace scenery make the first two days absolutely dull. Frankly, we sat in our seat bored, and went to sleep when the berth was made up. But on the third day the tour reached dramatic heights in crawling over the Rocky Mountains.

It was here that the deft hand of David Belasco was seen in the realism of the snow-capped mountains and the impressive jaggedness of the canyons. An avalanche was also effective, nearly stopping the show. The final scenes are laid in Los Angeles, an anti-climax after the strong third day and certainly not a happy ending.

The tour has some elements of success,

however, and the Moonbeam Limited can run every day for many months with its accommodations constantly crowded. The scene shifting needs speeding up at various points, as, for instance, going through Iowa; and the route should be rewritten for the first two days, omitting such incidental stuff as Ashtabula and Toledo, where the interest is sure to sag. The Los Angeles finish will doubtless remain, since that seems to be what the public demands.

The tour on the whole was handled by a train crew that was fairly adequate. In declaiming the more difficult parts of the Middle West, the brakeman's enunciation could have been clearer, but that is a minor defect.

After this season's surfeit of historical trips such as "New York to Boston," "Seeing Washington in Three Days" and "The Round Trip to Gettysburg," it should serve as a welcome relief to the tired traveling man. *Neal R. O'Hara.*

Spare This Young Man

THERE are pictures in the papers of the Prince of Wales as rider of the winning horse in a steeplechase.

Are not the good English overworking and overadvertising that excellent young man, so cheerful, so willing, so good-natured in the best sense? It would not do, of course, to coddle the heir to the British throne; but still, some young men can be better spared to ride steeplechases than others, and for choice those are reasonably preferred who can break their necks without too much derangement of hopes and expectations.

More or Less

TEACHER: Class, attention! What do we mean by plural?

BRILLIANT PUPIL: By plural we mean the same thing, only more of it.

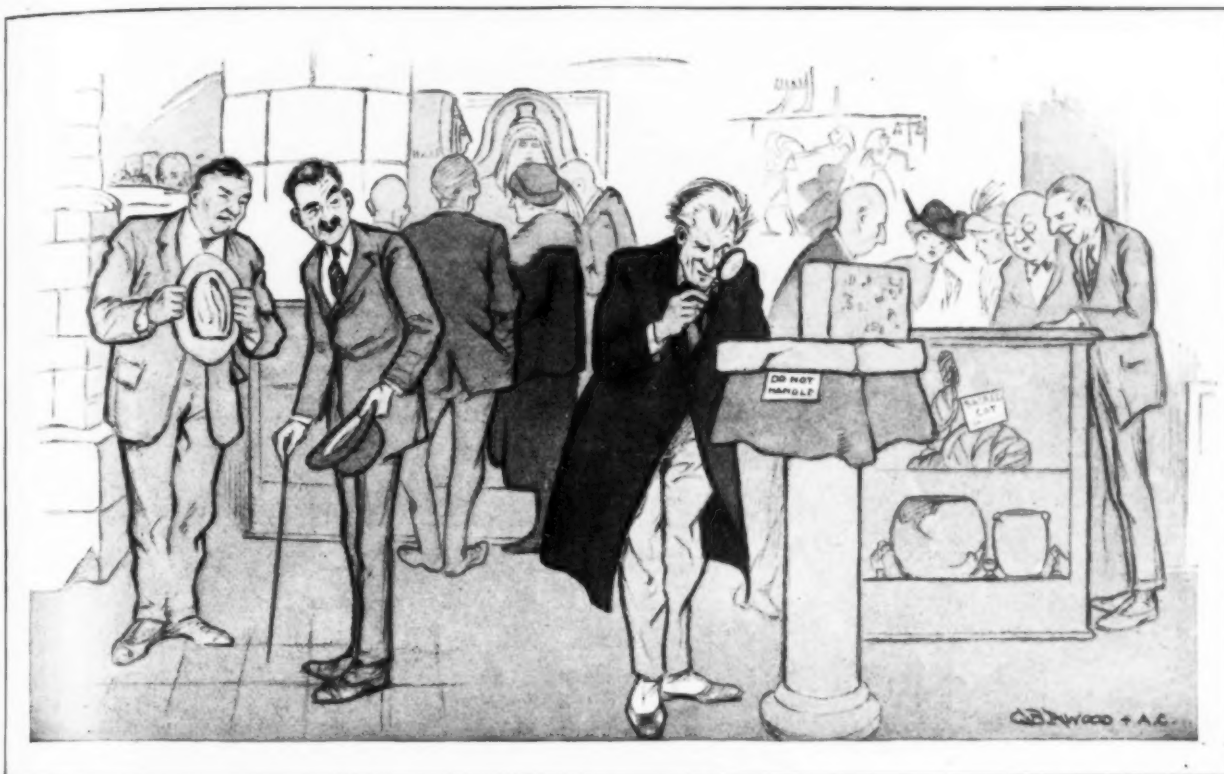
THE original one-way traffic is along the road paved with good intentions.



UNDER ORDERS

Visitor (in early morning after week-end, to chauffeur): DON'T LET ME MISS MY TRAIN.

Chauffeur: NO DANGER, SIR. MISSUS SAID IF I DID, IT'D COST ME MY JOB.



THE ACID TEST

"THAT'S PROFESSOR DEYER, THE ARCHAEOLOGIST. HE'S AN EXPERT ON HIEROGLYPHICS."
 "BY JOVE! I WONDER IF HE'D MIND GLANCING OVER MY WIFE'S HOUSEKEEPING ACCOUNTS."

Questionnaire

IN view of recent happenings in this country the Ellis Island authorities are said to be adopting a new questionnaire for submission to incoming aliens. Among the leading questions are these:

1. What are the principal ingredients of a good bomb?
2. Do you favor the time bomb or the fuse variety for work of an intimate nature?
3. What is the best method of eluding an officer stationed in front of a sub-treasury building? A financier's office? A millionaire's home?
4. Name, without consulting any reference books, ten objections to work.
5. Give a brief definition of work. (Applicants able to do this will not be admitted.)
6. Name three ways of telling a Secret Service man without looking at his shoes.
7. Explain in your own words why Reds leave home.



Mother: TELL WILLIAM HE IS MISTAKEN. HIS DOG ISN'T HERE AND HE SHOULD LOOK ELSEWHERE FOR IT.
The Interpreter: HEY! BILL, MA SAYS YE'RE A LIAR, AND YE BETTER CHASE YERSELF OUTA HERE.

Worth Considering

THEY were thrown into each other's society in a country house, without common interests or the least attraction for each other. Finally, after casting about for a fertile subject of conversation, only to fail in every attempt, he said, desperately: "Will you marry me?"

She considered long and deeply.

"I think I'll say yes," she replied at last. "It will give us so much more to talk about while we're here."

Getting Off Easy

AGITATED STRANGER: Here, take this dollar.

HEAD WAITER: Yes, sir. Do you wish a table?

AGITATED STRANGER: Heavens no. But when I parade up here with three girls you just say there isn't a table left and there won't be one before about next Wednesday noon.



Smile and the World Smiles With You



"WHEN HE FOUND THAT I SPENT MORE THAN TWELVE THOUSAND A YEAR FOR MY DRESSES, HE BROKE OFF THE ENGAGEMENT AND MARRIED MY DRESSMAKER."
—*Sans-Gêne (Paris)*.

A Golfer's Dozen—Golfer: I want a boy who can count. Now, what are five, six, and three?

Caddie: Five, six and three, sir? Eleven, sir.

Golfer: Come on. You'll do.
—*Windsor Magazine (London)*.

A Personal Matter—Fair Aspirant (*with manuscript*): Do, please, let me read my novel to you.

Publisher: Don't trouble, my dear young lady; my reader will see it.

Fair Aspirant: Yes, but he won't see me!—*London Mail*.

Illusion Shattered—Stage Hand (*to manager*): Shall I lower the curtain, sir? One of the livin' statoots 'as got the 'iccups!—*Passing Show (London)*.

A Woman of Her Word—He: I was afraid you were not coming.

She: Child! Didn't I promise solemnly to bring you my dressmaker's bill?—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris)*.

Club Colloquy—"Yes, I'm afraid owing to the cost of living I shall have to get rid of the car."
"You're right. It costs something to feed the Inner Man nowadays."

"It isn't the Inner Man I worry about so much as the Outer Woman."
—*Looker-On (Calcutta)*.

Measures of Experience—When a young man says, "I'll take that matter up with the directors," he likely has been with his firm as long as a week. When he says, "Now, my experience in cases of this kind has been, etc.," he has been there longer—maybe six months. But when he says, "I dunno, but I'll ask the boss," he probably is an old-timer there. and the boss thinks the world of him.

—*Kansas City Star*.

Mexican Mise en Scène—Dignified Lady (*to park attendant*): Who are you to interfere with us?

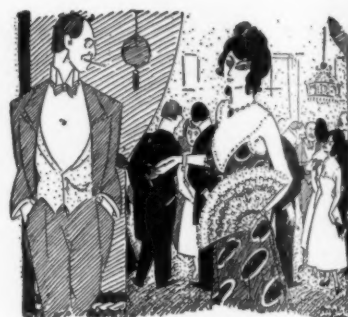
Attendant: Pardon me, madam, I only wanted to put this wet-paint notice on your bench.—*Excelsior (Mexico)*.

Modern Art—The Critic (*darkly*): There's one handy thing about this modern art—the less you study it the better you understand it.—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

Let Us at Him!—If we ever catch the man who called an opera cloak a first-nightie—
—*Nashville Tennessean*.

His Stellar Rôle—Young Thing (*gushingly*): And are there any other stars in your company?

Ham Actor (*grandly*): Stars, dear lady? We are all stars. But there is only one Betelgeuse.—*New York Sun*.



Family Friend: AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, MADAM? IT'S ONLY TWO MONTHS SINCE YOUR HUSBAND DIED AND YOU ARE DANCING ALREADY.

Young Widow: AH, BUT I GRIEVE WITH MY HEART, AND NOT WITH MY FEET.—*Karikaturen (Christiania)*.

The New Portia—The Visitor (*in vivisectionist laboratory*): You will find in the heart of that dog something which is not in your own.

The Vivisectionist: What, then?

The Visitor: Kindness!

—*La Protection des Animaux (Paris)*.

The Test of Parentage—Cornish Miner: Some queer thing thee art makin' there, maate. Whose idea ez 'e?

Ditto Carpenter: Well, et's like this 'ere. If 'e do work all right, 'e's manager's idea; and if 'e don't, then 'e's mine.

—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

Not So Far Off—Wife: I had to laugh! Mrs. Newrich, in telling me about her new house, spoke of the spinal stairway.

Hub: Perhaps she referred to her back stairs.
—*Boston Transcript*.

Delicacy—Jud Tunkins says that when he meets a friend in the big town he's afraid to say, "How's your wife?" for fear the friend'll say, "Why, haven't you heard?"

—*Washington Star*.

The Counterplot—"Why did he go to the dance without an invitation?"

"To see why he wasn't invited."—*Yale Record*.



Fond Mamma: I SOMETIMES THINK, PERCY, YOU DON'T TREAT YOUR DEAR FATHER WITH QUITE THE PROPER RESPECT.

Young Hopeful: WELL, MA, I NEVER LIKED THE MAN.—*Reproduced from Punch (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.*



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Consistency, the Jewel

Short story scenario: In 1917 a man, inspired by the Give-Till-It-Hurts and Buy-a-Bond-for-the-Boys-in-the-Trenches drives, bought a one-thousand-dollar Liberty bond. In 1921 he sold it, buying two seats for the fight with part of the money and putting the rest of it on Dempsey.—*New York Tribune*.

Animated Conversation

"Give a Neapolitan a pair of dumbbells," observed an American, lately returned from Italy, "and ask him if he thinks it is going to rain, and before his answer is finished he will have taken enough exercise to last him all day."—*Harper's*.

BOATMAN: No, mister, I can't let you have a boat now. There's a heavy swell just come on.

PROFITEER: Swell be hanged! Ain't my money as good as 'is?

—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.



ATMOSPHERE

"DOES MADAM WISH TO WEAR THIS HAT AT THE BARONESS' GARDEN PARTY?"

"OH, GOODNESS! I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT COLOR SCHEME HER GARDEN WILL BE TO-DAY."

—*Lustige Blätter (Berlin)*.

Mistaken Identity

"Cap'n, suh," explained the unbleached motorcycle courier who had unsuccessfully attempted to navigate a French highway in night traffic, "everything was jest goin' along fine, and den Ah see mah chance to dodge in between two motorcycles."

"Well, what of it?"

"Dat's all dey was to it, Cap'n, suh. Dem two motorcycles was a truck."

—*American Legion Weekly*.

A Corner in Cohn

The broker, Isidor Cohn, was introducing his family of four to a business friend of his. "This is my wife," said he, "and these are the cohnsequences of our marriage."—*Fliegende Blätter (Munich)*.

Othello's Occupation's Gone

"I thought you said you were an exporter."

"Shuah, ah used to be a pohtah at de Gran' Central."—*Brown Jug*.

A NEW YORKER is a person so ignorant of gardening matters that when you speak of weeds he thinks you are referring to a make of skid chains.—*New York Globe*.

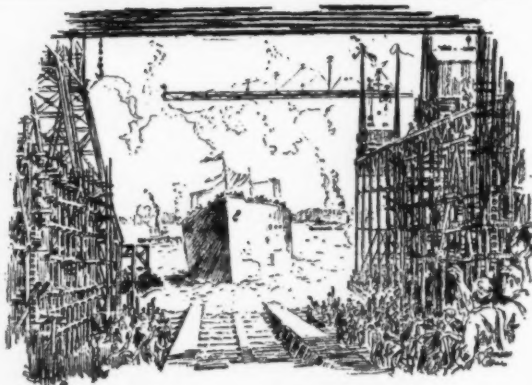
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If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

**Sure
Relief**



**BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION**

Unpopular Memoranda

(Continued from page 917.)

obediently waded through tons of sex, love and business stories that have bamboozled its eager nose for novelty by all ending in much the same way. Therefore the public has in its impatience and disgust turned to the long-neglected detective and mystery stories which will keep it going for a like space of time until it catches on to the fact that they also all end in much the same way.

IV.

The Comic Papers.—The fault of the majority of comic periodicals is that they boast of their comicality, and thus challenge their readers not to laugh. If I were the editor of a comic periodical, the first thing I'd do would be to change its name from something like "Puck" or "Punch," to something like "The Electrolytic Nitridation and Achylia Gastrica Review," fill nine-tenths of it with the dullest articles Dr. Frank Crane, Orison Swett Marden, Gerald Stanley Lee, Dr. Parkhurst, Maurice Maeterlinck, Prof. Stuart Pratt and Roger Babson could write, and then add two—and only two—good jokes. These two good jokes would thus be sure-fire; they would surprise my reader into a hearty response; he would remember them; and I should make a great fortune.

V.

The End of a Socialist.—Alfred A. Knopf, publisher of the Socialist Floyd Dell's novel, "Moon-Calf," recently sent out a press notice that the book has made so much money for Dell that the latter has bought himself a dinner jacket.

Applied Efficiency

"SAY, Sam, why do you-all carry that parrot around with you on the wagon?"

"Well, yo' see, boss, I'se a membah of the chu'ch, but de mule ain't, so I hauls the pa'ot to fu'nish the cussin' fo' de mule."

WATERMAN'S Ideal Fountain Pen is the product of an organization that for the past thirty-six years has been making fountain pens exclusively. Today the line of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens covers every proven advance in fountain pen construction.

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H. C. of L. in Bible Days

"I WILL do without haircuts."—*Absalom.*

"I will make my own slings."—*David.*

"Sooner than pay house-rent, I will live on a boat."—*Noah.*

"I will dance without slippers."—*Salome.*

"I will buy no more wedding rings."—*Solomon.*

"Not even to express anger will I rend my garments."—*Moses.*

"Writing materials being so costly, I will inscribe fewer epistles."—*Paul.*

"To save wear and tear, I will drive less furiously."—*Jehu.*

"I will exercise without clubs and dumbbells."—*Samson.*

"We will do without clothes."—*Adam and Eve.*

"We will abolish fuel from the fiery furnace."—*Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.*

Harold Seton.



If there were a Superman

—whose signature on pieces of sky-blue paper had the miraculous power to make your journey in foreign lands easy and comfortable, and at the same time was usable anywhere as actual money and always safe—

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Cattle in Spain

This is a true story of an adventure of two lady artists in sunny Spain.

They were walking, and arrived at a little country inn, hot, dusty and thirsty. They couldn't talk Spanish, but wanted some milk badly, so one of them drew a most beautiful high-art cow, while the other jingled some coins.

The Spaniards looked, and a boy was sent off post-haste.

In half an hour the boy returned, hot and triumphant—with two tickets for a bull-fight.—*Town Topics (London).*

A Time Exposure

A judge's little daughter, who had attended her father's court for the first time, was very much interested in the proceedings. After her return home she told her mother:

"Papa made a speech, and several other men made speeches to twelve men who sat all together, and then these twelve men were put in a dark room to be developed."

—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Not for Him

"Here, boy," said the man to the boy who was helping him drive a bunch of cattle, "hold this bull a minute, will you?"

"No," answered the boy, "I don't mind bein' a director in this company, but I'm darned if I want to be a stockholder."

—*Cartoons.*

Orientation

VERY YOUNG POLICEMAN (who has broken up fracas between foreign seamen at docks): Where do you live?

LASCAR: Calcutta.

POLICEMAN: And where do you live?

CHINAMAN: Shanghai.

POLICEMAN: Um—well the best thing you two can do is to pop off home to bed.

—*London Opinion.*

She Tried to Be Agreeable

SEA CAPTAIN (introducing friend to his old aunt): This is my old friend, Barker; he lives in the Canary Islands.

"How interesting," murmured old auntie, and, gathering all her wits, she added: "Then, of course, you sing."

—*New York Globe.*

Poignant

"What you need is a tonic to sharpen your appetite," said the Doctor. "By the way, what is your occupation?"

"I am a sword swallower in a circus side show," replied the caller.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The High Cost of Art

THE CRITIC: What! A hundred guineas for a charcoal drawing?

THE ARTIST: Well, think of the price of coal just now!—*Passing Show (London).*

As we understand it, the railroad people complain of bad business when all the passengers get seats.—*Dallas News.*



Aspirin

Then It's Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Always say "Bayer."

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.



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Resinol Shaving Stick makes the daily shave a pleasure. Ask your druggist for the Resinol trio.

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Desirable Cottages with Hotel Service,
HOWE & TWOROGER, Managers
Winter Resort, Princess Hotel, Bermuda

The Latest Books

(Continued from page 914.)

Yale so seriously. Mr. Minnigerode can hardly see for the tears when he begins to write about the last moments of his young heroes in New Haven.

"And Angel shut his eyes, and put his head up and sang 'Toyland'—once through very soft, and then with all the power of his ringing voice, re-echoing through the empty spaces of the silent campus."

It seems to me that the campus would have been pretty sure to have done something about it, but the author leaves that out.

IT is only fair to say that there are certain sentimental touches which cannot fail to move even those readers who never went to Yale and wouldn't under any circumstances. Consider for instance, the chapter about the college parade which ends with, "The band would march to that spot, wind up with a flourish, and then disappear into the night in search of beer, their task accomplished." Nowadays, one realizes with a pang, their task would be just begun.

"The Big Year" deals with the days long before prohibition, when Yale had winning football teams. To be sure, there is scant necessity for a team in the story because Curly Corliss, the hero, does practically all the work himself. "Curly clapped his hands together and kept calling out, 'Never mind the signal! Give me the ball!' in his plaintive voice—and he made two touchdowns."

The plaintive voice is a tradition still maintained at Yale, but now it says, mostly, "Moral victory."

MR. MINNIGERODE seeks to justify the exceedingly reverent attitude toward all Yale activities which is consistently maintained in his novel by making most of the story filter through the observation of a little New Haven newsboy, called Jimmy. It was Jimmy who rescued Champ, the football mascot, from under the wheels of an automobile, and took him to the field just before the second half, thus inspiring the team to crash out upon the field and snatch victory from defeat. In the end Jimmy has his reward. A rich alumnus promises to send him to Yale. For this touch Mr. Minnigerode deserves congratulations. He has at least avoided the usual happy ending.

When You Are Really Wanted

"They really must want us to go to their dinner."

"What makes you think so?"

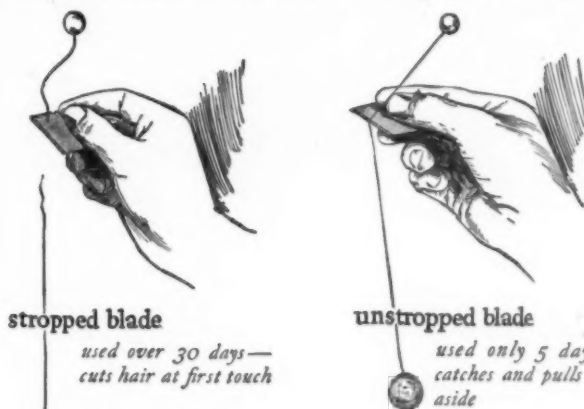
"They insist on our bringing the children too."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Hello, old top. New car?"

"No! Old car, new top."

—*Lafayette Lyre.*

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stropped blade

used over 30 days—
cuts hair at first touch

unstropped blade

used only 5 days—
catches and pulls hair
aside

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EGYPTIAN DEITIES

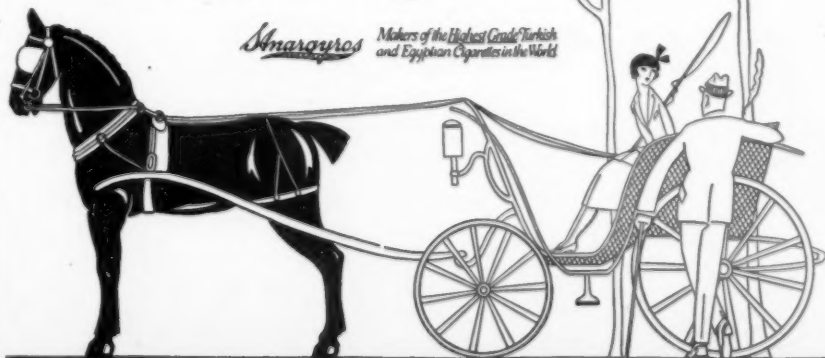
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People of culture and
refinement invariably
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\$10,000 REWARD!
And No Questions Asked
 A reward of \$10,000 will be paid to the person or persons returning the money and securities which disappeared from the vaults of this company on the night of August 26th. If returned intact, no questions will be asked, and

THE President of their little company had disappeared with all their available funds and liquid assets, amounting to more than \$100,000.

They had traced him to a Central American port; they had sent a man after him to entice him away, and now this detective was back with a prisoner, his grip bulging with money and securities—but, it was not their missing President!

Yet he had come with perfect willingness; he had let the detective smuggle him aboard ship secretly; he had readily turned over to him his valuable grip for safe-keeping. Why?

If you would read a story of cross-purposes and mixed identities, if you would hear how the sudden love of a man for a maid baffled a whole Government and confused a great Detective Agency, read this tale of romance and mystery. It could have been written only by



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So great is the popularity of O. Henry—so enormous is the demand for his books—that we should like for all time to continue this offer. But we can't. It costs more than twice as much now to make the sets as it did. Paper costs more—ink costs more—binding costs more. So we must withdraw this offer. But as long as the stock now on hand lasts, you can get O. Henry at the low price, and

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